Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of sanctuarie men,
But sanctuarie children neuer till now.
Car. My Lo: you shall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on L: Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go my Lord.
Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy hast you may:
Say Vnckle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we soiourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it seemes best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may councell you, some day or two,
Your highnesse shall repose you at the tower:
Then where you please, and shalbe thought most fit,
For your best health and recreation.
Prin. I do not like the tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place my Lord?
Buc. He did, my gratious L: begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue re-edified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or else reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?
Buc. Vpon record my gratious Lo:
Prin. But say my Lo: it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retailde to all posterity,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wise, so young, they say, do neuer liue long.
Prin. What say you Vnckle?
Glo. I say without characters fame liues long:
Thus like the formall vice iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.
Pri. That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valure liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Cousen Buckingham.
Buc. What my gratious Lord?

Prin.

Prin. And if I liue vntill I
Ile win our auncient right in
Or die a souldier as I liude a
Glo. Short summers lightly ha
Enter young Yorke,
Buc. Now in good time h
Pri. Rich. of Yorke, how
Yor. Well my dread Lo: so
Pri. I brother to our grief
Too late he died that might
Which by his death hath lost
Glo. How fares our Couse
Yor. I thanke you gentle
You said that Idle weeds are
The Prince my brother hath
Glo. He hath my Lo:
Yor. And therefore is he id
Glo. Oh my faire Couse,
Yor. Then he is more behe
Glo. He may command me
But you haue power in me as
Yor. I pray you Vnckle gi
Glo. My dagger litle Couse
Pri. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kinde Vnckle
And being but a toy, which is
Glo. A greater gift then that
Yor. A greater gift, O thats
Glo. I gentle Cosen, were it
Yor. O thā I see you wil part
In weightier things youle say
Glo. It is too waightie for
Yor. I weigh it lightly wer
Glo. What would you hau
Yor. I would that I might
Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.
Pri. My Lo: of Yorke will
Vnckle your grace knowes ho

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